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MEMOIRS
OF
TOM SAYERS,
CHAMPION OF ENGLAND;
ALSO, THE
BATTLES OF ALL HIS ANTAGONISTS.

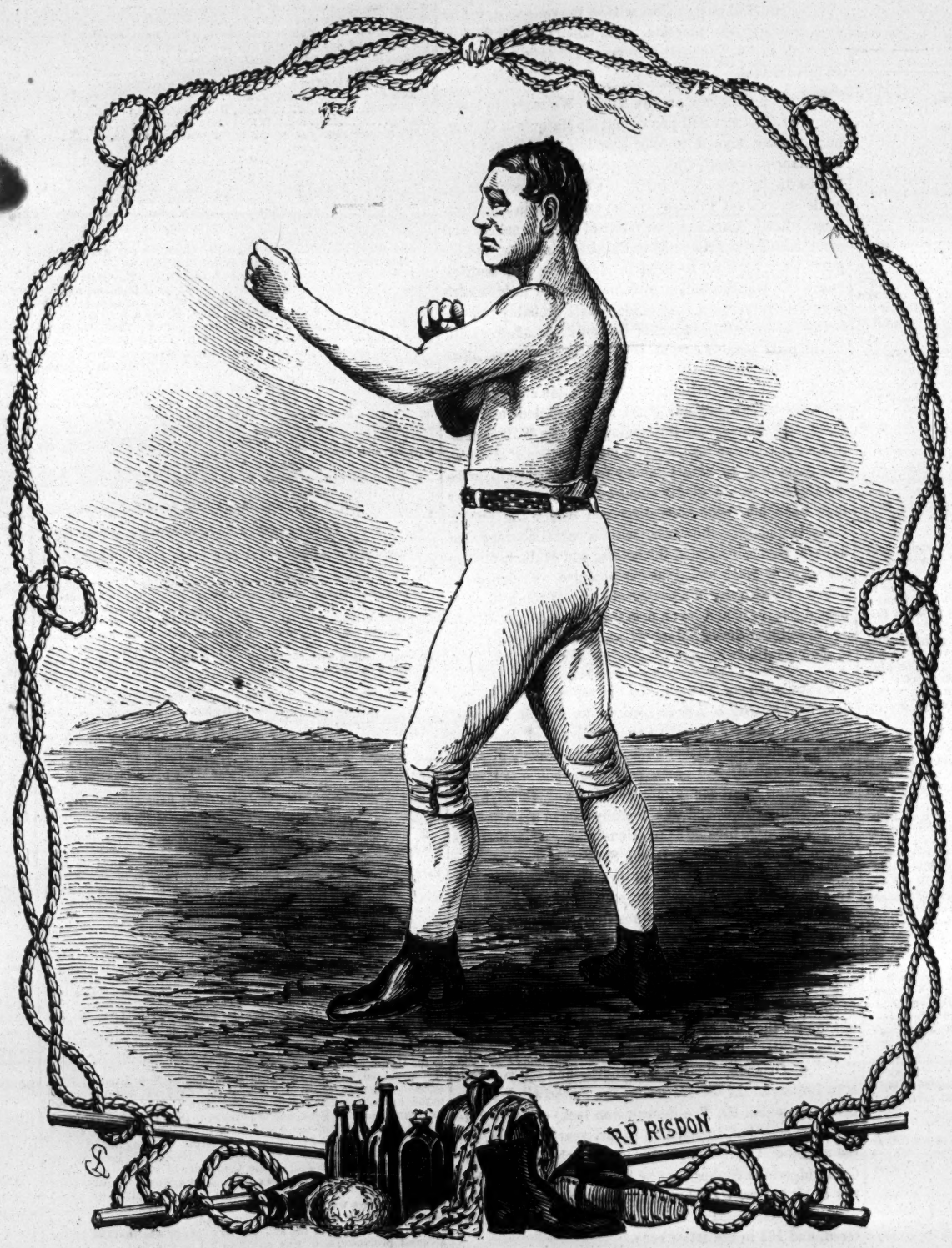
NOTHING but a thirst of power first made conquerors; the desire of quiet possession induced these men to exterminate the first possessors; both together rendered the agents employed in such aggrandisements, ferocious, and blood-thirsty. They carried into private life the same notions of physical force, and the desire to annihilate opposition by death; nor was it until generations had passed away, that the inhabitants of countries so obtained, settled down into the peaceful habits of domestic or social life; for man is naturally gregarious, and the lover of his species.

The sports of the field, and the destruction of animals considered noxious, or those requisite for the table, constituted the sole enjoyment of our forefathers; but the introduction of foreign luxuries, and the consequent amassment of wealth and show, brought with them pride and contumely, that descended to the lowest paths of life. Qualities these which are proud spirits say *must be repressed;* for the bare exhibition of newly-got riches, and the assumption of superiority, which, having no *personal* existence, is only to be found in those possessions, is an insult upon common sense.

Austere *looks* from old acquaintance, or neighbors newly elevated, and offensive *words*, not to call them opprobrious, begat the desire of retaliation; and the ready means being in every man's *hands*, a box on the *ear*, or on the *eye*, seems to point out the most appropriate mode of retaliating immediately upon the offended organs of sense. This appears to us the way in which the *row* began, which has since obtained the term *boxing;* a word derived from *a box*, which may be supposed to contain the rich moveables that caused the pride and offensive actions of the person so *boxed*. But in whatever way its origin may be argued and settled, no doubt exists of boxing, as an art, being entirely English; the English are, confessedly, a proud and boisterous race; hard to control, impatient of restraint, lovers of liberty individually, but anxious to command and control others. Hence the commanding aspect, the voice of authority, the love of law, the enormous increase of statutes, the admiration of prize boxers and boxing, the despication of missiles, the absence of assassination, the prevalence of athletic exercises and manly sports; hence the generous mind that is trained to a true and dignified investigation of all those topics, and more—and hence the general desire for information thereon, which has led to the present Memoir.

This ornament of the Modern School of Boxers, and now Champion of England, first saw the light in the year 1826; he was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, Sussex, and for several years carried on the trade of a Bricklayer. In his youth, every moment he could possibly spare was devoted to athletic pursuits—boxing and wrestling were his favorite pleasures; his school books were laid aside for the more congenial pleasure of participating in a fight or a wrestling match, from which it was impossible to wean him; and, when missed, Tom was sure to be found in the contiguous fields, surrounded by a herd of boys, exercising his pugilistic powers, with a pair of old stockings wrapped round his hands in lieu of gloves, or contending for the fall with any boy who had the temerity to dispute his prowess in the art of wrestling. The fame he had acquired among his companions soon became general, and he was held in fear and admiration, even by those who exceeded him in years and corporeal powers. A love of science, and a regular method of sparring and fighting, distinguished his early efforts, and gave evident indicacations of his future eminence, till a general mastership of all his competitors gave him confidence for higher flights.

It was not, however, till the 19th of March, 1849, that he took to milling as a profession, when he displayed much talent as a novice, being opposed to height, reach and weight.



TOM SAYERS, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

SHORT BUT MERRY MILL
BETWEEN
Tom Sayers, of Brighton, and Aby Couch, of Camden Town,
For £5 a Side,
ON MONDAY, THE 19TH OF MARCH, 1849.

This affair, although for a very small sum, had caused a deal of interest in the locality (Camden Town) where both the combatants resided, and amongst the small fry of that district a grand day was expected, for both heroes of the present mill had shown symptoms of great promise, Sayers by licking all who performed before him; and Couch, in consequence of his size, and winning two battles, it was thought by his fellow-workmen that he would one day have a niche in the Pugilistic Gallery of Portraits. The assumption of Sayers was deemed a farce, when some of his pals offered to back him against Couch; however, matched they were, and in time both appeared in the ring, which was pitched on a bit of ground where many a hard-fought battle had been won and lost—viz, Greenbithe. The men and their friends repaired thither by railway to North Woolwich, and from thence to the scene of action by little boats. Neither of the men was restricted to weight, but Sayers was not more than 9 stone 12 pounds, or 10 stone at the most, while Couch was at least 12 stone, and stood 5 feet 11 inches, while Sayers was but 5 feet 8 inches. There was very little betting, but what was done was 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on the big one. The lads lost no time in getting ready. Sayers was the first to shy his cap in the magic circle, and was waited on by the late John Grady (who once fought Norely) and Collins; while Croney, of Paddington, and a friend done the essential for Couch. All being now ready, exactly at 20 minutes to three, commenced

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—On putting themselves into attitude, the disparity of size was more visible; Sayers looking rather glum, while Couch had all the confidence of an old stager. Little time was lost in sparring on the part of Couch, who had made up his mind to rush at Sayers, and settle him in quick time; however, Tom was not to be got at, and when Couch made his rush, Sayers met him with a severe hit on the right eye, and got away, laughing. *First blood* for Sayers. A sharp rally then took place, which brought them to close quarters, in which Tom fibbed his antagonist very cleverly, and in the end both were down, Couch undermost.

2 Couch came up flushed from the in-fighting of the last round, and could not understand it; while Sayers was as cool as a cucumber. Tom feinted him, and drawing Couch on, who let go, but much out of distance. Sayers, with quickness, returned bang on the nose, heavy counter hits followed, which brought them to a close, and Couch held Tom, who seemed in a tangle how to extricate himself from so strong a grasp; however, by great tact, Tom shifted himself a little, and succeeded in throwing Couch very cleverly, and Tom walked to his corner.

3 On time being called, Sayers was the first up, and the shouts of the bricklayers was uproarious at their pet's performance. 2 to 1 was now freely offered on Sayers, who coolly watched his man, feinted him, and tried to plant his favorite right fork; this led to some sharp in-fighting, and Sayers got home on the right eye. Couch now followed him up and missed Tom; they now got a little closer, and Sayers knocked him down by a heavy right-hander on the jaw. *First knock down blow for Sayers.*

4 Tom made play with his left on the right lump, which was now fast closing. Couch persevered, and Tom, who was almost without a mark, caught him again on the nose, and sent him all abroad.

5. Couch came up gamely, bleeding from the nose, and his right eye all but blind. He dashed in to make a last struggle, and napped a stinger in the ribs, and dropped from exhaustion.

6 and last. Tom came up gaily, dodged his man who came towards him, but it was all over, he seemed very groggy from the rapid fighting and the severe punishment he had received in so short a time. "Take him away," was the cry from all parts of the ring, but the poor fellow would not hear to it; he turned round to his seconds and tried in vain to say it was all right. His chump was horribly disfigured. The game fellow tried to land one, and Tom gave him the finishing touch by a severe hit on the nose. On his seconds taking him up he was dead to the call of time, and Tom was the winner in 12 minutes and 28 seconds.

REMARKS.

As is often the case, "there is a time and tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and Sayers dates his success in life from this fight, being comparatively a novice and never having seen a prize ring before, while his adversary was twice before crowned with victory. Sayers in this, his maiden effort, proved himself too quick and severe in his delivery for Couch, to afford him a chance, therefore remarks are almost unnecessary—Sayers' debut was a credit to him, and the fight was one of the best that had been seen for some time; a gamer chap than Couch never doffed a shirt, while Sayers' gameness at that day could not be spoken of, as he received nothing in the fight to test it. His friends were so satisfied with him, that he received the whole of the stakes, while the loser was not forgotten for his courage and manly conduct throughout.

CAREER OF COUCH, weight 11st. 10lb.

Beat Jack Sullivan for a Purse, 14 rounds, 1 hour 38 minutes, Copenhagen Fields, January 12th, 1843.
Beat Harry Conelly, £3 aside, 9 rounds, 22 minutes, Plumstead Marshes, June 17th, 1845.
Beaten by Sayers.

Whoever persuaded Sayers to prefer an old good one for his trial battle (or *debut* in the ring) was in the right, for Couch was in the primest state of health, was known to be a glutton and a game 'un, but did not turn out to be so clever as was thought by his friends when opposed to superior science and hardy youth. It was at this fight that some of the fancy were puzzled, charmed and astonished at Tom's performance, and he only required to be drawn into notice by some friendly hand, to give *eclat* to his name, and afford him an opportunity to distinguish himself like other pugilists. Tom now was eagerly sought after, and frequently challenged, but did not answer any, as he could not get the money up for training, colors, &c. This he explained to an old sportsman at Camden-town, one Mr. Viddler, who on the instant told Tom to make any match he chose from £5 to £25. Tom did so, and in time was matched against Dan Collins, with what success our readers will shortly know. Mr. Viddler had long known Peter Crawley, and Tom Sayers was placed by him in the hands of Peter, and never was master more proud of his pupil than Peter was of his, and after the first encounter of Sayers and Collins, Jack Macdonald predicted that Tom would be a star in the pugilistic hemisphere, for his gameness of bringing the fight to a draw with a severely damaged hand has never been equalled in the annals of pugilism.—[To be continued.

WHAT THE GREAT AMERICAN HORSE TAMER THINKS OF BLINKERS.

HAVING been requested to give my opinion in regard to the use of "blinkers" on horses, and believing it to be a subject in which the general public are interested, I take great pleasure in stating that all my experience with and observation of horses proves clearly to me that blinkers should not be used, and that the sight of the horse, for many reasons, should not be interfered with in any way. Horses are only fearful of objects which they do not understand or are not familiar with, and the eye is one of the principal mediums by which this understanding and this familiarity are brought about.

The horse, on account of his very amiable nature, can be made in the course of time to bear almost anything in any shape, but there is a quicker process of reaching his intelligence than that of wearing it into him through his skin and bones; and he, however wild or nervous, can be taught in a very short time to understand and not to fear any object, however frightful in appearance. Horses can be broken in less time and better without blinkers; but horses that have always worn them will notice the sudden change, and must be treated carefully the first drive. After that they will drive better without the blinkers than with.

I have proved by my own experiments that a horse broken without blinkers can be driven past any omnibus, cab or carriage, on a parallel line as close as it is possible for him to go, without every wavering or showing any disposition to dodge. I have not, in the last eight or ten years constantly handling horses both wild and nervous, ever put blinkers on any of them, and in no case have I ever had one that was afraid of the carriage he drew behind him or of those he passed in the streets.

The horse's eye is the life and beauty of the animal as well as the index of his emotions. It tells the driver, in the most impressive characters, what the horse's feelings are. By it he can tell the first approach of fear in time to meet any difficulty; he can tell if he is happy or sad, hungry or weary. The horse, too, when permitted to see, uses his eyes with great judgment. He can measure distances with his eyes better than we can, and, if allowed free use of them, would often save himself by the quickness of his sight from collisions when the driver would fail to do so by a timely pull of the reins. It would also save many accidents to pedestrians in the streets, as no horse will run on to any person that he can see. Blinkers are rapidly going out of use in the United States, and some of my early pupils here have successfully dispensed with them. I have yet to find the man who having once left them off could ever be persuaded to put them on again. They are unnecessary and an injurious incumberance to the horse, and I feel confident, if the cabmen of London will leave them off one year, that blinkers on cab horses will never be seen again in the streets, and will only be a thing to be read of as one of the follies happily reformed in the nineteenth century. I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. S. RAREY.

TATTERSALL'S, July 23, 1858.

MORE PRODIGIES OF NATURE.—A correspondent from Michigan Bluffs, in noticing the account of a numerous litter (seventeen in number) which Petaluma claims as more than surpassing strange, sends us the following: "Petaluma can hide its head, and back clean down. A Scotchman named McConnell, who will be remembered by all the boys from Rochester, N. Y., owned a slut, which gave birth to *twenty one* living pups. The slut was a cross of the pure Newfoundland and St. Bernard, and a monster in size. I saw the pups with my own eyes, and had the pleasure of taking my pick. In the same city a mare gave birth to a colt perfectly formed, except the head, which had a strong resemblance to the human species. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the "monstrosity" was "strangled in its birth." There was also on (private) exhibition a lamb with one body, two heads, six legs and two tails. The last I did not see, but am told by reliable persons "it am a fact."

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, Aug. 15.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Aug. 17.—Lynch and Sullivan—£30 to £25, London.
24.—Clarke and King—£40 a side, Liverpool.
Sept. 21.—Brettle and Brown's Novice—£100 a side, London.
21.—Tyrer and Hall—£5 a side, London.
28.—Baldock and Keefe—£5 a side, London.
Oct. 5.—Brookes and Thomas—£5 a side, London.
5.—Slade and Leach—£10 a side, Cheltenham.
26.—Norton and Sullivan—£5 a side, London.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.

LYNCH AND SULLIVAN.—Charley Lynch (the American) and Jack Sullivan are to fight for £45 on Tuesday, Lynch staking £25 to £20. They are confined to 8st. Both lads are known game ones, and a rattling mill may be expected.

FIGHT BETWEEN

Bodger Crutchley of Birmingham, and Bos Tyler of London,

FOR £50 A SIDE.

This pugilistic tourney took place on Tuesday, without let or hindrance. In referring to the antecedents of the combatants we may briefly state that Bos Tyler, who has for several years been associated with the London P. R., has of late become very popular among the East End Fancy, in consequence of his winning two or three battles in a manner that redounded greatly to his credit as a pugilist. By the result of these mills Tyler gained the reputation of a clever and skilful tactician, and although his warmest partizans never considered him to be a "kill devil," still from the manner in which he disposed of Topper Brown of Leicester, George Crockett, &c., they were induced to think more highly of his milling qualifications than they had hitherto done. Bodger Crutchley is a chip from a Brummagem block; his only appearance prior to the present occasion in the London Ring was with Sam Millard, whom he defeated with all possible ease. The Brum went into training under the care of Jem Hodgkiss, and all that skill and attention could suggest was done to bring him out in tip-top condition. Tyler also paid the strictest attention to his training duties, and we think it would have been impossible for any man to have been fitter than he was. According to agreement, the combatants had to scale on Monday, at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, where both men were under the 9st 10lb. Tyler was made the favorite at 12 to 8. Arrangements had been made for an aquatic trip, and after a pleasant voyage the ring was formed by the commissary on a well selected spot. Crutchley, on entering the ring, had for his seconds Jem Hodgkiss and Sam Simmonds. Tyler, on stepping within the ropes, was greeted with deafening cheers, and had in attendance Harry Brunton and Jemmy Welsh. The spectators, from one source and another, now mustered more than a thousand strong, and while the combatants were making ready, Billy Duncan, the inspector, with his assistants, cleared the inner ring, which before the contest commenced was got in splendid order—order, however, which was not maintained throughout, although Duncan and Mallett exerted themselves to the utmost. The toss for choice of corners was won by Crutchley, who as once let his antagonist have all the benefit of old Sol, which was blazing away overhead like a furnace. Round the ring the betting was of a most spirited description, 20 to 16 being the current odds. On stripping each man showed in splendid form, particularly Bos, who could not possibly have been better, there not being an ounce of superfluous flesh visible; he had also the advantage of being taller, longer in the reach, and likewise a bigger made man at the weight than his opponent. His great drawback is, however, the loss of his right lamp, he having been minus this optic since the commencement of his career. Crutchley is a fine built, powerful young man, twenty-four years of age. There was some difficulty in selecting a referee, this office being at length undertaken by Dan Dismore. By twenty minutes past two o'clock all the preliminaries had been adjusted.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. Both were cautious; the Brum tried to draw his man, but Bos was armed at all points, and with agility counter-checked all his movements. In attempting to plant the left, Bodger went out of distance, and as he went dashing in Tyler broke away. After some little manœuvring, Crutchley again tried to land the left, but was artistically stopped, when Bos opened fire with a shot on the nob. As he retreated, Bodger followed, and both did execution in a pretty counter. A close at the ropes, and both down in a harmless fall.

2. Tyler, in leading, was not quite within distance, but in a second attempt he succeeded in getting home with precision, and as the Brum attempted a return, broke ground. After a slight pause they again went to work, Bodger with his left administering on the neck. Tyler returned the compliment left and right, when the Brum went down.

3. Bos with the left planted a stinger on the head, when Bodger, as his man retreated followed up, and in some well-delivered exchanges both got home on the upper works. In a rally, they fought to a close, when, when the Brum, getting from his antagonist, slipped down in the middle of the ring.

4. Tyler delivered the left on the nob. As he retreated, Crutchley followed, when Bos was again busy on the dial. In getting close to his opponent, Tyler made an attempt to "hug," whem the Brum, in getting away, slipped down.

5. In some splendid counters Bos got full on to his opponent's proboscis, which produced the claret immediately. In a rally, Bodger fought gamely with his antagonist, doing some apparent execution on the nob, and in the fall both went down.

6. Tyler, after getting his man well within distance, let fly with the right and left, when Crutchley, after making a scrambling effort to return, slipped down.

7. The Brum, in lunging out, slipped and fell upon his hands; on the instant he recovered his equilibrium and renewed the battle. After some well-administered exchanges they got to the ropes, when Bos caught him round the waist, and in the fall both went down.

8. After some skilful manœuvring, Bos closed with his opponent, and after a sharp struggle threw him heavily. [Loud cheers from the lads of the East.]

9. On coming up, the men stood looking at each other, but at length Bodger opened the ball by dashing out the left, which was well stopped. After again fainting and breaking ground, the men exchanged heavily and closed, when Bos threw his man a splendid back fall.

10. Tyler planted the left slightly on the head, and as Bodger followed up they got together near the ropes, when both went down.

11. Bos administered a severe left-hander in the middle of the head, and got cleverly away before his antagonist could return. After a pause they again got to work, when Bos once more delivered on the head, when the Brum, who was near the ropes, slipped, and Bos fell over him.

12. Tyler popped the left on the knowledge-box. The blow, though well-delivered, did not appear to possess any stinging severity, for it certainly did not make the least impression. As Bos retreated he was followed by Bodger, who planted the left near the good peeper, which made the friends of Tyler look extremely long. In a rally the men got to the ropes, when in the struggle both went down, Crutchley being under.

13. Bodger, on commencing the attack, delivered a good left-hander on his man's peeper, when Bos dashed at him, and Bodger fell.

14. Tyler made a lunge at his opponent, when the Brum, in attempting to get away, slipped and fell.

15. In some well-executed exchanges Bodger again planted on the good eye, napping it in return on the middle of the head. As Bos broke away the Brum followed, and in fine counters the men again got home, doing execution on the cheek, while Bos administered the cayenne on the top part of the head. In a close they struggled for the fall, both went down.

16. Sharp exchanges, all in favor of Tyler, who, on getting from his opponent, slipped and fell on his knees.

17. Tyler planted the left on the nob, and in a harmless rally the combatants got to the ropes, when Bodger, to prevent closing with his antagonist, broke ground and went down.

18. After manœuvring and counter manœuvring, the combatants exchanged heavily, Bos getting on the top part of the cranium, Bodger on the left cheek. In a rally they fought to the middle of the ring, when the Brum went down.

19. Bodger, in his impetuosity, slipped and fell, but he was instantly up and renewed the fighting. In the exchanges they closed, when the Brum was thrown heavily on the shoulder.

20. This was a good round. Bos again and again in the counter-hitting got home on his adversary's mug, and in the close Crutchley was thrown a heavy back fall.

21. After a little sparring, Bos, in an artistic manner, administered a thwack with the left, and dashed at his man for the purpose of repeating the dose. The Brum broke ground, and in doing so slipped and fell.

22. Tyler delivered a lefthander on the head, but in return nailed a smart hit from the Brum on the good lamp. As Crutchley shifted his position, Tyler followed, and after weaving to within distance, countered splendidly. A pause. Neither man at the scratch. Again they go to work, both getting well on in some fine exchanges. A close at the ropes near Bodger's corner, and he under in a heavy fall.

23. After manœuvring all over the ring, Bos let fly, and planted the left slightly on the head, Crutchley countering in good style. In breaking away both lost the balance of power, and, in attempting to save themselves from falling, went down.

24. Tyler, in leading, planted a pretty lefthander, when Bodger, after making a return, went down.

25. In some well-administered exchanges, Bodger got heavily on the left cheek, Bos doing execution in the middle of the head. On breaking away, Bodger retreated to his corner, and went down.

27. Bos on the head with the left, Crutchley also doing execution; but although these blows were unquestionably well delivered, still they did not appear to have any steam in them. Tyler, in the close, got his adversary in an awkward position, lifted him from the ground by sheer strength, and gave him a back fall.

28. The Brum, in opening the ball, hit short, but in another attempt succeeded in giving one on the brain canister. As he shifted his position, Bos followed, and after some slight exchanges, Crutchley fell.

29. Crutchley lunged out, but was not within distance, and after receiving a slight thwack from his opponent, he went down, and on being taken to his corner appeared weak.

30. Tyler on getting from his opponent's attack nearly went down, but recovering his perpendicular on the instant, he went to work sharp and well-delivered exchanges to a close, the Brum under in the fall.

31. Slight exchanges, and Tyler down. On being taken to his corner Bos appeared to be getting "queer," for his seconds were more than extra busy in their attendance.

32. Crutchley home with the right and left. Bos returned with spirit, and as a finish, the Brum, in breaking away, went down on his hands and knees.

33. Tyler recovered, and was the first at the scratch. After some slight and unimportant exchanges, they closed and went down.

34. As Crutchley opened fire Bos retreated, and went down. An appeal of foul was made to the referee, but it was not admitted.

35. In the counter hitting Bos got on prettily with his left, but as his antagonist dashed at him he went down in a very suspicious manner.

36. Slight exchanges, when the Brum in getting away from his antagonist went down, Bos falling on him.

37. A spirited rally, in which the combatants fought in all parts of the ring, when Bos threw his man near the ropes.

In our description of the contest we have given the rounds up to a point where they possessed the slightest interest, for those afterwards fought were many of them of a most contemptible character, and any further detail would be quite superfluous. Tyler, to the surprise of his friends, now commenced resorting to his old practice of dropping, and the appeals to the referee became most unpleasantly frequent. At length at the 57th round, Bos again went down in such a deliberate manner that the referee, on being again appealed to, declared Crutchley to be the winner, the battle having lasted one hour and thirty-seven minutes.

REMARKS.

The result of this contest greatly surprised the backers of Tyler; and well it might, for there can be no doubt that, had it not been for his want of pluck, he could have won with the greatest ease, for in all points he was infinitely superior to his antagonist, being both a quicker hitter, better fighter, and likewise a finer wrestler. From the commencement of the battle, and with trifling variation, he maintained the lead throughout; and, with all these advantages in his favor, it does appear to be almost impossible that a man should allow himself to be defeated from mere cowardice. Crutchley certainly did get on to his good peeper, but still not with any stinging severity, for, on the conclusion of the battle, Tyler showed but very light punishment about the head. If he lost this contest on its merits, then we can only say that Bos has disentitled himself to the confidence of his friends, and is not likely again to be matched. On the ground many persons were of opinion that he did not mean to win, but whether this was really the case we do not know, as we have not been able to fathom the "secret;" but should this turn out to be the correct reading of the "rule," it is even more dishonorable to him as a pugilist and a man, than the want of courage. The prevailing opinion, however, was that he was beaten on his merits, and that he lost the battle from sheer cowardice. Crutchley is a winner, but we beg him to bear in mind that he has still much to learn, for his hitting is by no means effective, neither is he a good wrestler, both of which are essential points. He is, however, in good hands, and there can be no doubt that he will much improve ere he again appears within the ropes. He left the ring with but few marks of punishment. The fight, on the whole, did not come within the category of good, or even indifferent mills—it had not one recommending feature.

Since writing the above we have been credibly informed that Tyler last week went to one of his backers and offered to lose the battle, provided the latter would back Crutchley. The proposition, we are told, was rejected with disdain, and Tyler received orders to do his best to win. Whether this statement can be substantiated remains to be seen, and should it turn out to be true there can be no doubt that Tyler's name will be removed from the association; but we trust, for his own credit's sake, it can be proved that he has not added dishonesty to his other failings.

FIGHT BETWEEN

Joseph Nolan of Birmingham and Geo. Henley of London,

FOR £25 A SIDE.

No sooner had the excitement in some degree subsided than preparations were made for the decision of the passage of arms between these game fellows. On entering the ring Henley had behind him Jemmy Welsh and Harry Brunton, while Hodgkiss and another Brum did the requisite for Nolan, who was the favorite, his friends freely laying 6 to 4. Nolan has fought twice prior to Tuesday in the provinces; while Henley is the same lad who some short time back defeated Flatcatcher. Nolan is now twenty years of age, and a gamer or better little boxer never entered the Ring; indeed he is unquestionably the best Brum of his weight that has appeared in the London Ring for a long period. He, like Crutchley, was trained by Jem Hodgkiss of Birmingham, and in condition was all the most critical of judges could possibly desire. Henley had been also carefully trained, and was in first-rate condition, though of the two he hardly looked so fresh as the Brum. In weight the combatants were confined to 9st. 10lb., and on Monday they went to scale at Jemmy Welsh's, the Griffin, Church street, Borough, when both were found to be well within the prescribed limits.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Immediately on putting themselves in attitude they went to work, both getting home effectively on the head in some telling exchanges. In a rally they closed, when both went down. *First blood* was allowed to Nolan, the ruby flowing from Henley's nose.

2. As Henley went dashing in he was met with a well administered one, two, on the nob, and in the close Nolan caught him round the neck and they fell. Henley under in the fall.

3. The Brum, with precision and rapidity, planted his left on the nob, and repeated the dose with one from the right. Henley, in the returns, planted on his man heavily, and, in breaking ground, slipped and went down; as he was falling he received another right-hander.

4. Nolan opened the attack with a well delivered shot from the left. Henley went dashing at him; in a merry round the combatants fought to a close, and in a struggle both went down.

5. Henley, with much impetuosity, went dashing at his man, Nolan meeting the rush with a splendid left-hander. The exchanges that followed were of a telling description, the Brum unquestionably having the best of the hitting. In a rally they closed and fell.

6. This was a magnificent round. In leading, the Brum got well on the brain canister, but napped it in return on the top part of the head. As Nolan broke, Henley followed with the utmost impetuosity, and forced the fighting. The exchanges were of a very severe character, and in the fall both went down, Henley under.

7. Nolan, in taking the initiative, planted the left and right full in the middle of the head. Henley was by no means idle, doing good execution in the counter-hitting. In a spirited rally the belligerents got to the ropes, and in the fall Henley was under.

8. Henley, with true bulldog courage, went dashing at his man, and after some fine exchanges, all in favor of the Brum, they closed and went down.

9. Again the little warriors came up, and again they rattled to it with undiminished pluck and determination. Nolan, with the left and right, planted full on his man's dial, Henley in the exchanges doing execution on his adversary's cranium. In a plucky rally they fought to the ropes, when Henley went down.

10. Another fine round. The clever Brum gave an enlivener with the left, and followed up with a fine shot from the right. George broke ground, but this change of position brought on a corresponding movement on the part of Nolan. Dug, dong, both men home with force, but though each staggered from the effects of the hitting, still they again went at it, and in the end went down together.

11. Henley, as usual, went in to force fighting, and again received heavily on the head. Not to be denied he pegged away, and, for little 'uns, the counter-hitting was terrific, Henley, however, having the lion's share of punishment. In a close they struggled for the fall, and both went down in the middle of the ring.

12. Henley, on coming up, went dashing at his man, and in the exchanges received heavily on the head. In a splendid rally the belligerents fought to a close, when, after some fine fibbing, they went down near the ropes.

13. Henley dashed out the left, but was not within distance. Nolan immediately returned the compliment, getting the left and right well on the nob. George with unyielding resolution fought with his man in all parts of the ring, and in the fall Nolan was under.

14. Henley, with a half spring, tried to make his left, but was not up to the mark. As Nolan retreated he followed, the exchanges being of a telling nature. In a fine rally the combatants fought with great resolution to a close, and in the fall Henley was under.

15. Three times in rapid succession did Nolan deliver on the head. Henley for a moment appeared bothered, and broke, but was followed by the Brum. Near the ropes they went to work, when, after some fine exchanges, in which Henley got none the worst of it, they closed and went down.

16. After some little manœuvring there was an exchange of slogging counters, and in the fall both went down near the ropes.

17. Nolan in splendid style delivered the right and left on the head, and, in a rally, they fought to a close. The Brum in the struggle got his man in an awkward position, gave him a couple of facers, and went down. Henley, though he had been receiver-general, was taken to his corner laughing.

18. Desperate two-handed fighting round the ring. Henley, when near the ropes, delivered the right on the body, and went to grass.

19. Another rattling bout. As Henley came dashing impetuously at his man, Nolan opened fire, the exchanges being both rapid and effective, Henley doing execution on the left listener. The Brum, nothing daunted, followed his man up as he retreated, and, after some hard fighting, both went down.

20. Rattling exchanges, in favor of the Brum, and in the fall both down.

21. Both men fought desperately in a rally to the ropes, and, in struggling for the fall, went down.

22. The men fought with wonderful resolution to a close, when the Brum was first to salute mother earth.

23. More desperate fighting. The game and unflinching Henley, with his usual impetuosity, went dashing at his man, when the Brum planted on him splendidly. After a spirited rally both went down.

24. Henley planted a rib-roaster on the body, but napped the ginger on his nob in return. Front to front the combatants fought round the ring, and in the close both went down.

25. Clipping exchanges to a close, and the Brum under in the fall.

26. The punishment was evidently taking effect on Henley, and on going up he hit out wildly. Nolan administered some cayenne, and in the fall both went down.

27. Henley, pulling himself together, went dashing in, and, in a rally, fought desperately with his antagonist. The hitting was all in favor of Nolan, who got home splendidly on the head, and in the fall Henley was under.

28. Nolan, with a flash hit on the jaw, knocked his man down.

29. The Brum home with the left on the head; Henley, in return, went dashing in, and, after some sharp exchanges, they closed and went down.

30 and last. The hitting all in favor of Nolan, who threw his man heavily. Henley was game enough and ready enough to continue the contest, although he had not the least chance of success, for he was out-fought and out-generalled at all points, and his seconds, seeing that it would be useless to prolong the contest, threw the sponge up in token of submission, the contest having lasted exactly 32 minutes. Henley, though a loser, is deserving the highest consideration from all who admire true courage, and we are confident that such a thorough good little man will not be forgotten. That success did not crown his efforts is no fault of his, for no man could have fought in a more determined manner. Nolan fought this battle with astonishing tact and judgment, and it is no more than his due to say that he will be a clipper indeed, of his weight, size, and inches, who can in the P. R. make him strike his flag. The Brums may well be proud of him, for he is unquestionably one of the best little men they have brought out for years. The sport over, all once more got on board, and after a pleasant voyage returned to the metropolis, which was safely reached by half-past nine o'clock P. M.

GILBERT AND FREEMAN.—A fight took place on Wednesday, down the river, between Tough Gilbert and Freeman, (the American.) Tough Gilbert being waited upon by Dan Collins and Mike Madden, while Jack Hicks and a friend did the needful for Freeman. The battle lasted 40 minutes, during which time 37 rounds were fought, when Gilbert was proclaimed the victor. The mill was anything but first-rate.

BRETTLE AND BROWN'S NOVICE.—Another deposit of £10 a side for this match was made at Dan Dismore's last week.

MIKE MADDEN has now found backers to match him for £100 against Bob Travers, on his covering the deposit left with us.

DEATH OF JACK HAZELTINE.—This pugilist expired of consumption on Tuesday last, after much suffering. He was in great distress, and has left a wife, who is also in great poverty. She has received £2 from the funds of the association towards his funeral, but as that will not nearly cover the necessary outlay, it is to be hoped some of his early friends will come forward to lend her support in the hour of need.

AQUATICS.

ROYAL THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.

The interest which this important event always creates in aquatic circles, was as deep and intense this year as on any previous anniversary. It came off on the river Thames, on Tuesday, the 10th ult., in the presence of some thousands of spectators. The races commenced at half-past 1 o'clock, with the

SCULLER'S RACE,

Open to all the world, for prizes value £70.—First boat £10, second £5, third £4, fourth £1.

FIRST HEAT.

Robert Chambers, Newcastle.....Green 1
George Drewett, Chelsea.....Black 2

A walk over, owing to the absence of Stephen Salter, of Wandsworth, Redknap, of Richmond, and Dare, of Fulham.

SECOND HEAT.

Richard Piner, Hammersmith.....Red and Blue 1
J. Snell, Hampton.....Blue and White 2
Frederick Lett, Lambeth.....White and Green 3

Another walk over, Hammerton, of Teddington, White, Bermondsey, and Woodland, of Lambeth, not coming to their posts. The latter could not procure his colors in time, consequently it was determined that he should row in the final heat with the worst station.

FINAL HEAT.

Chambers	1	Snell	4
Drewett	2	Woodland	0
Piner	3	Lett	0

This was a race which would do credit to any regatta, although it was alleged that Chambers did not at all exert himself. It was rowed down from Hammersmith to Putney. The race was won after a capital struggle with Drewett, who was only beaten by the hardy north country man by a boat's length.

WATERMEN'S APPRENTICES' RACE,

For a coat, badge, freedom, and money prizes, amounting to £31; first boat coat, badge, freedom, and £3; second £5; third, £3; fourth, £1. Although merely among apprentices, this is a race which creates much interest, as men from all parts of the river are permitted to come together without reference to the time served; and it is this race which, with others of a similar description, produces so many good men. The prizes are the annual gift of the Thames Subscription Club.

FIRST HEAT.

Samuel Beckett, Fulham.....Red 1
J. Wise, Kew.....White 2
Charles Maynard, Nine Elms.....Black 0
Henry Phelps, Fulham.....Green 0

SECOND HEAT.

Edward Bell, Richmond.....Blue 1
Edward Eager, Chelsea.....Yellow 2
Arthur Fricker, Essex Stairs.....Green and Black 0

THIRD HEAT.

W. Hemmings, Richmond.....Blue and White 1
Henry Snell, Hampton.....Green and Red 2
Charles Brown, Richmond.....Blue and Yellow 0
J. Conolly, Limehouse.....White and Green 0
Richard Groves, Thames Bank.....Red and Black 0

FINAL HEAT.

Bell	1	Eager	4
Wise	2	Snell	0
Hemmings	3	Beckett	0

This was one of the finest races in the regatta.

PAIR-OARED RACE.

Open to the world.—First boat £9; second, £6; third, £4; fourth, £2. In one heat.

George Hammerton and George Francis, Teddington.....Black 1
Thomas White, Bermondsey, Stephen Salter, Wandsworth...White 2
Robert Bain, Lambeth, and George Driver, Wandsworth.....Red 3

CHAMPION FOUR-OAR'D RACE.

Open to the world, for £135.—First boat, £100; second, £70; third, £10; fourth, £5.

FIRST HEAT.

The Hammersmith Crew.—1. George Green; 2. Richard Piner; 3. Thomas Hoare; 4. William Pearce, William Hoare (cox).....Red 1
The Richmond Crew.—1. George Driver; 2 Robert Bain; 3. Edward Sell; 4. Robert Chambers, Samuel Peters (cox) Black 2
The Friendly Trial Crew —1. H Styles; 2. D. Sims; 3. Wm. Mancey; 4. Wm. Styles (cox).....Green 0
The Western Crew.—1. George Bullen; 2. Thomas Rust; 3. Charles Gibson; 4. Thomas Woisoncraft, William Brazier (cox).....White 0

SECOND HEAT.

The Pride of the Thames Crew.—1. G. Francis; 2. S. Salter; 3 T. White; 4 G. Hammerton, J. Driver (cox).... Blue 1.
The Newcastle and Manchester Crew.—1 James Taylor; 2 Jas. Crossbaw; 3. E. Williamson; 4 M. Taylor, T. Harrison (cox).....Yellow 2.
The Beadsman Crew.—1. Jas. Holder; 2 G. Wright; 3. J. Goodrich; 4. F. Robinson, W. Frazier (cox).....Green and Black 0.

The regatta was to have terminated with the final heat of this great race, but on arriving at the starting place (Chiswick Eyot), it was found that no buoys were laid down, besides which there was a dispute as to whether Richmond was to row or not, and as no communications were made to the umpire direct from the committee, he ordered the race to be rowed on the following day.

FINAL HEAT.

Pride of the Thames Crew	1	Richmond Crew	4
Hammersmith Crew	2	Friendly Trial Crew	0
Newcastle & Manchester Crew	3		

On Wednesday afternoon large numbers flocked to the scene of action to witness the deciding heat. Despite the result of the second heat, on the day before, Manchester were still the favorites with some, but there were many knowing ones who, as it turned out, felt that the Pride of the Thames were much too good for any north county crew, consequently there were numberless takers. The Hammersmith were backed against the field in a few instances, and there were plenty who saw them in their imagination, in the second place. The start was very singular, and such a one as we never saw before. Owing to the number of the boats they were nearly across the river, consequently, the word of command "off" did not reach Manchester and Hammersmith till four or five seconds had elapsed. The Pride of the Thames took it in an instant, and so lively were they, that although the water, as stated, moved slowly under them, they immediately crossed the bows of the Friendly Trial and Richmond crews, and went ahead of the Manchester men, thus, in a few seconds, getting into the second best station. Hammersmith, with their rapid strokes, were the next to make the rowing, and led Manchester well, there being about half a length between each to Finch's, where the north countrymen passed the Sandboys, and by very effective rowing left them a couple of lengths astern, gaining very fast upon the Wandsworth crew, with whom they became level, inside, after a quarter of a mile had been rowed. A spirited race followed for nearly four hundred yards, the Pride of the Thames leading by a foot or two all the way. At length, however, the superior strength of the Pride of the Thames began to tell upon their opponents, who commenced tailing at the High Bridge, and, being close in shore, with scarcely any tide under them, Hammersmith were coming up with them fast, but, getting their wash, and also being too close in shore, they did not reach them much till the Crab Tree was reached, when there was only a length between the crews, which was being shortened at every stroke, Hammersmith coming up as Manchester fell off, and bets freely laid on the former, who continued to gain for the next quarter of a mile, when they were on to Manchester's stern. For some strokes the north countrymen held their opponents, but it was no good; the plucky Sandboys answered nobly to the cheer of their little coxswain; they put on the steam as finely and as rapidly as at starting, their boat—turned out by Stephen Salter—floated over the surface of the water, and so gallant were their exertions that in the space of two hundred yards they had gone by their antagonist's boat and headed them by two clear lengths, also perilling the position of the Pride of the Thames, who passed under the middle arch of Hammersmith Bridge only a length and a half ahead of Hammersmith, who headed Manchester by three lengths; the latter, too, had so fallen off that Richmond were within two lengths of them, and they strenuously exerted themselves to gain the third prize, but were not able to achieve their object; they, however, succeeded in coming in within three lengths of the Manchester crew, who were thoroughly beaten. The plucky exertions of the Richmond crew were so great that the men, including Chambers, looked as though they would drop in their boat. Meanwhile the Pride of the Thames crew, finding themselves pressed at Hammersmith by the Sandboys, gained at every stroke, and reached the top of the Eyot four lengths ahead of Hammersmith, who beat Manchester by six lengths. The Pride of the Thames were not at all overcome by their exertions, and, after rowing to the steamers, amid loud acclamations, and smilingly thanking their friends for their congratulations, went home to Wandsworth at a slashing pace, presenting a fine picture of English strength and sinew. The winners rowed in a boat built by Stephen Salter, a fine specimen of the outrigger, and trained at Salter's, the Feathers, Wandsworth. The Manchester crew trained at Kirby's, the Red Lion, Putney, and their boat, much inferior to the others, was built by Matthew Taylor. The Richmond men rowed in an old boat turned out by Jewett of Dunstan, and also trained at the Feathers. We had forgotten to say that the Friendly Trial crew soon fell off. It may be remarked that the Pride of the Thames, the finest and fastest London four turned out for some time, won the race entirely on their merits; the rowing of the Teddington lads was much finer, although not stronger than that of White and Salter, whose strokes were not quite so steady as that of bow and stroke, despite which the rowing altogether was very rapid, strong and well taken. The Hammersmith men, who with great pluck year after year, although repeatedly beaten, still are never daunted, brought out a crew this season very little inferior to that of '57; their pace was very great, but not sufficient lasting power on the stroke. The style of Manchester presented a great contrast to all the others; as a crew they rowed like a machine—the same motion made by all at the same moment—but they rowed too shallow, never covering their blades, their boat did not carry them. The Richmond crew rowed very well, and so did the Boys, but superior strength threw them out. The steerage of all the boats was very bad, none being kept steady, and all being taken, after the old fashion, completely across the river at the Crab Tree, under the Surrey shore, although the small arch of Hammersmith Bridge was barred.

WEIGHTS OF THE CHAMPION CREW.

	st	lb		st	lb
1. G. Francis	10	4	4. G Hammerton	9	4
2. S. Salter	10	11	J. Driver (cox)	5	0
3. T. White	11	2			

Time occupied in the race: From Putney to Hammersmith Bridge, 8 minutes, 45 seconds; from Putney to Chiswick Eyot, 18 minutes, 60 seconds.

CHERBOURG.—ROWING MATCH BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH CREWS.—A most interesting boat race for a purse of £20, given by the Emperor of the French, came off on Thursday, between the crews of two French men-of-war (the Bretagne and Eus) and the crew of the yacht Cissy, belonging to T. Dunn, Esq. The course was marked out in the outer harbor, the whole distance being twice round the course, and amounting to nearly four miles. Immediately after the start the superiority of the English stroke was apparent. The Cissy crew, though rowing with four oars against the French sixes, at once took the lead. Shortly afterwards, being somewhat uncertain of the course, they fell astern of the foremost French boat, and continued to pull in its wake for the remainder of the first round. After passing the winning point, however, the first time they again rowed ahead, and gradually increasing their distance during the rest of the course, won finally by nearly a quarter of a mile. Too much cannot be said in praise of the excellent style of pulling displayed by the crew of the Cissy.

SWIMMING AT LIVERPOOL.—Three young gentlemen, well known on 'Change at Liverpool, swam across the Mersey on Tuesday morning, from New Brighton to the North Docks. The distance, a mile and a half, was accomplished in 36 minutes. It was low water at the time, and, for fear of accidents, the swimmers were followed by a boat. The feat was no novelty to one of the gentlemen.